

Sunday Mornings

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Sunday Mornings

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"Ooh! Take that, Castle! A perfect smiley pancake." Kate Beckett grinned as she plated the item and placed it on the breakfast bar next to plates of scrambled eggs, bacon, and a stack of plain pancakes. She turned off the stove, moved over to the coffee maker, and opened the cupboard above it, pulling out a pitcher to empty the carafe into. After placing the coffee pitcher on the breakfast bar with the food, she tossed all dirty dishes in the sink while shouting, "Castle, breakfast!"

She didn't hear a response but heard feet thumping against the hardwood floors and a high-pitched squeal. She turned in time to see a two-year-old boy running into the kitchen as fast as his chubby little legs would take him. He was wearing a pair of blue cargo shorts and the peculiar thing about his white t-shirt was that it was on his head, like a headdress. His arms were flailing about and when he spotted Kate, he squealed happily and ran right to her. She knelt and greeted the boy with a huge smile and open arms. "What's going on here?" she asked, touching the shirt over his head. The boy shook his head and batted her hands away.

"Hey, buddy, where'd you go?"

Kate hoisted the boy onto her hip as she stood and her eyes caught sight of her husband, wearing a pair of sweats and a shirt over his head, just like the toddler. She rolled her eyes. "Castle, why am I not surprised this wasn't Riley's doing?"

"Okay, it was," he said, coming into the kitchen. "I woke him up, helped him take a bath, and tried to put his clothes on, but he

wouldn't put on his shirt. He's very feisty. Wonder where he gets that from." Rick adjusted his shirt over his head and looked down at his son. "So, then we started playing around. You know, pretending it's our hair."

Kate looked at her child, bouncing him once and moving a hand to his head. "You let Daddy do this to you?"

"No!" Riley shrieked and shook her palm off his head, grasping her fingers in his little hands. "Momma hair."

"Momma hair?" Kate asked. Riley lifted his hand to the messy bun atop her head and smiled. "You want long hair like Momma's?"

"Yeah!" exclaimed the little boy.

"Okay, sweet boy. We'll see." She smacked a kiss on his cheek and moved toward the dining table. "Castle, grab those plates from the bar, please." She placed Riley in his booster seat at the table and turned to Rick. "Are you seriously going to wear your shirt like that all day?"

"If Riley can, why can't I?" he asked as he placed the pancakes and eggs on the dining table.

"Riley is a child. You are a grown man." She brought the coffee pitcher and bacon to the table, then grabbed the last plate off the bar, the one with the lonesome pancake. "Looky here, baby. Smiley pancakes!" She placed it before the boy and he cheered, clapping his pudgy hands together.

"Wow. Executed beautifully, Kate. I'm impressed," Rick smiled as he sat down at the head of the table.

"At least I can conquer making breakfast. You can't even get the child dressed," she teased, sliding into her seat across from Riley. "Cut that up before he makes a mess of it."

Rick leaned over and sliced up the pancake, then drizzled syrup over it. Riley giggled and dove in. "He's going to make a mess anyway," he said, watching Riley shove sticky pieces of the pancake into his mouth.

"Castle, please take that shirt off your head."

He pouted and grudgingly pulled it from his head and slipped it over his torso. "You're no fun."

"I didn't say put it on," she leered at him, slipping a piece of her pancake in her mouth, the fork sliding over her bottom lip seductively.

His gaze was stuck on her mouth, his mouth hanging open slightly. Her insides warmed at the thought that he still reacted to her the same way as when they first met. "Tell you what," he spoke after he cleared his throat. "How about you take off yours and I'll take off mine."

"Hmm, later, Stud," she smiled and continued with her breakfast. They finished off the eggs, all the bacon, and Castle ate the majority of

the pancakes by the time the pitcher of coffee was done. Conversation was light and laughter was abundant, especially when Riley squealed, "Momma!" and raised his syrup-covered hands in surprise.

"Alright. Let's get you cleaned up," Kate said and plucked the boy from his booster seat. She took him over to the kitchen sink, sat him on the counter, grabbed a washcloth, and ran it under warm water. "Arms out, please," she said and Riley obediently stretched his arms toward her. She smiled and wiped his hands clean, lifting them to her mouth and lightheartedly nibbling on his fingers. The boy giggled and squirmed when she wiped his face and showered it with kisses. His hands were on her face, trying to plant his mouth on hers, but Kate playfully pulled back each time he tried. He shrieked and pulled on her cheeks to bring her back. Kate wrapped her arms around his little body and lifted him from the counter, finally kissing his smiling mouth. She touched the shirt on his head. "Can I take this off now, babe?" she asked him.

Riley grinned and swiped at the shirt himself, knocking it haphazardly. Kate removed it and wiggled it in front of his face, making him giggle. He grabbed it and squirmed in her arms. She set him down on the floor and he ran off with the shirt clutched in his fist. She watched him go, shaking her head with a smile. Suddenly a pair of arms were around her, an open mouth kissing her neck. She sighed and leaned back against her husband's broad chest, her fingers slipping between his. Then he whispered in her ear, "I've never been so happy."

"Mmm, neither have I," she murmured, letting her head fall back onto his shoulder. "But you won't be so happy doing the dishes." She hissed when he nipped her a little harshly under her ear. "I made breakfast. It's only fair."

He hummed against her skin, his fingers slipping the top buttons of her shirt open. "Maybe we should skip cleaning the dishes and go clean our skin instead."

"What makes you think we'd actually doing any cleaning in that shower?"

"I don't," he growled and slipped a hand into the opening of her shirt, fingertips trailing over her breast.

"And who's going to keep an eye on Riley while we're not getting clean?" she asked and turned her head to nibble at his jaw.

"We'll put him in the playpen."

"Father of the year."

"Kate," he whined.

"What's got you so riled up anyway?"

"You really have to ask when you're the one who woke me up with your mouth this morning?"

She grinned lazily. "You were pressing against my thigh and fondling me in your sleep, so technically, you started it."

"Hmm, couldn't help it. I was having the greatest dream. We were in the Hamptons, on the beach, and there were two of you."

"Two of me, huh?" she chuckled and turned in his embrace, sliding her hands over the perfect curve of his ass. "What was that like?"

"Well one looked like you as how you are now and the other was you from the second year we worked together, like early 2010."

"That is very interesting. Why that version of me?"

He leaned down and pressed an open-mouthed kiss to her lips. "That was when I knew for sure I cared deeply for you. You know, after your apartment blew up? I knew I wanted you in a way that was more than just physical."

She squeezed him tighter to her and kissed him hard, her tongue pushing past his lips and swirling around his. One of her hands came up to his hair and tugged on the strands, angling his head just the way she needed it to kiss him deeper. He groaned and stumbled backwards into the counter when she surged against him, as if trying to meld her body to his. She couldn't breathe, so she had to pull away, her chest heaving against his and her eyes dark, hungry. Her hands cradled his head, keeping his mouth close to hers, close enough to share breaths. "I love you so much," she whispered.

A slow smile appeared on his swollen lips and he nudged his nose against hers. "I love you too." Before they could dive into each other again, a tiny body was pushing between their bodies.

"Dada, up, up." The two looked down to their son, his arms upstretched, his fists clenching and unclenching in the air, his hazel eyes staring up at them.

Rick smiled and untangled himself from his wife to pick up their toddler and hold him between them. Kate wrapped her arms around her two guys and kissed Riley's cheek. "Feeling left out, baby?"

Riley reached out and swiped at Kate's temple where tendrils of her hair fell away from her messy bun. He smiled and slid his hand over her cheek and to her mouth where Kate pretended to eat his fingers. He shrieked with joy and squirmed against his father's chest. Rick grinned and began blowing into Riley's neck, making him shriek and squirm even more, and it continued on until Riley demanded to be set down on the floor again where he abruptly ran away from the kitchen with his parents chasing after him.

That was how Sunday mornings went at the Castle loft; breakfast and games and laughter and kisses until everyone was out of breath. Naps sometimes followed or a movie was set up, but no matter what activity they engaged in, love was always in the air.

A short, fluffy little thing that I hope you all enjoyed. Thanks for reading!

End
file.